

God of Gloucester

AND HIS BIBLE.

With several Carleads of Abominable
Irregular, painful Rinking Priests.

AS ALSO

A Demonstration of their Calling and de-
struction of the Church of Rome, by a
wording in *James Church*, the
King of the Gospel.

Whereunto is Added,

A P A R A L L E L

Between the Honour of a Lord Bishop,
and the Honour of a *COUL* of the
COUL being *COUL* of the
same *COUL* of the

Printed for the Author, 1663.

Copy of the

And this with
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The Epistle Dedicatory:

To my Dear and Loving Wife.



I F E, in my Epistles to my two former Books I was very large; the Porch was too big for the House: you shall have that fault mended in this, and I shall only intreat you to accept of the Dedication of it; not knowing any Person whom I love more than your self; nor any to whom I am more indebted. Thus in few words I take my leave, and rest

Your Assured

Loving Husband,

R. Wallis.

Room



Room for the Cöbler of Gloucester and his Wife.



life, being willing to have a little more
discourse with you. I think it not
amiss, if we and our Children sing a
Tantum.

Wife. What do you mean by a *Tan-*
trum, Husband?

Husb. Wife, I know the word of
a Welchman, who made this request
to his wife; *Market, thee to me to Quira Etsome, and*
hear my Po-Rapin sing two three Tantums: from whence
in *Heresfordshire* they call *Antimus Tantums*.

To the Tune of *Room for Cuckolds:* It will be thought a
strange tune, but it will be as suitable to us, as the tune of
Tory Rery Betty, which they plaid upon their Organs at
Oxford: A sweet *Tantum!*

Room for Prelates, here comes a Company;

Room for Prelates, and ev'ry Coat-Card;

Archbishops and Bishops, Archdeacons and Deans;

Room for Prelates, and for the Black Guard.

Cathedrals and Chapters, with Anabaptists and Rapscallons,

And all the Hierarchical Rabble,

With all of that sort, that make us glad sport.

In the Choro, as a Fool with his Babble:

Priests, Patrons, and Rectors, with all such Church-Holders,

Which in the wide Synagogues roar in,

Clerks, Curates, and Vicars, that drink off all Liquors,

And then bid their Hostesses score in.

Prebends

Prebends and Chanters, and Christens, Rancors;
 That sing by the Rule of Sol Fa;
 Officials and Doctors, and Chanc'lors and Practisers,
 And all rimes for Exorcisers;
 Room for the chief Singers, that with feet and fingers
 Double as like Oxen and Calves;
 For Priest and for Clerk, that grope in the dark,
 And hold fast all their Catches by halvers;
 Those Lack-lads, Bards, Drones, and Learned Sir Johns,
 That dabble with Beer and with Bloat;
 Scribes, Registers, Notaries, Paritors,
 And all the Knaves of a Knot.
 Bellmen and Sextons, with whom we were wext once,
 That live by digging and begging,
 With all the Church-Rabbits belonging to Babel,
 That run just like Witches a bagging.
 Exorcists with Crosses, which come to our tosser,
 And leave poor Souls in the throbs;
 By which way we fear dearm with the Herd,
 For company, as Dogs go to Church.
 By night and by day, as small Games they play,
 Pick Peter-Pence rather than fail;
 Brave Merchants they are, of great and small Ware,
 And will deal from the Head to the Tail.
 Room for Physicians of Rome's Unquists,
 And all that's grown over with wese;
 Room for Confession, and holy Procession,
 And the Devil that carries the Cross.
 Room for Prelates, and for their company,
 Room for Prelates, and for their Spaw;
 Room for Dumb-Dogs, and all Croaking Frogs,
 And Vermin hid under the Lawn.
 Room for Prelates, here comes a Company,
 All Brethren o' th' Black Robe and Region,
 That with the Herd run as right as a Gun,
 Like Pigs, possit with a Region.

A 5

Wife,

Wife. Husband, you know that you and I have had some Discourses formerly, but among others, two especially, one was by the fire, as many times poor folks do, that is, come was when we went to bed for want of Coals and Candles: we thought no hurt so any, yet you see what came of it, you were a Prisoner first in *Westminster*, and brought before Noble Persons at *White Hall*; four Sessions you lay Prisoner in *Newgate*, once in *Bristol*, four Assizes at the Bar in *Gloucester*; once before the Lord Mayor; and in all Courts of Judicature, and persons before whom you have been, you have been blamed still for disparaging and disgracing the Kings *Clergy*, and the Kings *Ministry*. I could willingly ask you some Questions privately, but I would not have you speak so loud that all *England* may hear you; I would willingly whisper a word in your Ear.

Husb. And I shall as willingly answer you, Wife, provided, that you do not ask me any red-hot Questions; which if you do, I shall be afraid to answer you for fear of burning my Lipps.

Wife. Husband, I would have you be as careful as I am, and then I dare warrant you there will no hurt come of it: What was their meaning by saying you did disgrace the Kings *Clergy*? How did you disgrace them?

Husb. Wife, Because I brought some of them upon the Stage for their base sordid Carriage, as Drunkenness, Swearing, Whoring, and the like: My answer was to them, that they did more disgrace the Kings Government, by Acting such things, then I did by Speaking of it. But Wife, I can tell you of such a parcel of Fellows, which still disgrace the Kings Government and Ministry, as they call it.

Wife. In your last Book Husband, you told me that you had six times ten which you would Load another time, what kind of fellows were they?

Husb. Wife, for your satisfaction I'll tell you: Let the Cart

Can be set nearer : We will begin with the Pillars of the Church. And,

First of all, with my Lord Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury*, that Singularly Spiritual, and Practically Carnal Father, and his irreverend unbecoming words: Who when he went to visit a young Lady of his Acquaintance, that had been newly Married, Addressed himself to her in words to this effect.

Madam are you with Child? She answered, *No my Lord.* The Arch-Bishop replied, *Then Madam you cannot be saved; for Women are only to be saved in Child-bearing.*

But Madam, are you willing to be with Child? saith the Arch-Bishop: *Do you do your best in order to it?* The Lady replies, *I should be glad of a Child:* Then said the Arch-Bishop, *you may be saved; God will accept of the Will for the Deed:* Here is a Cobling piece of Divinity puts me down quite: Here my Lord turns Cobler.

What *Anglican* *Anglican* *Anglican* turn Cobler? I could willingly have some or three Stitches on him, to set him upright: But I doubt it will be but lost labour, he's gone so much aside: But what will become of all barren Women in this case? Why their comfort is, That if they do but desire to have Children, they may be saved.

The Bishop of *Worcester*, at a Visitation in *Warwick* the last Summer, in his Speech to the Clergy, affirms, That all Children Baptized are undeniably saved. And that The presence of Christ in the Sacrament is not Symbolical, but realiter (really) and that upon that account we give adoration.

Doctor *Craze*, Dean of *Norwich*, in a Sermon at *Farnmouth*, said, That it had been better that the Gospel had not been Preached these twenty Years past, for now the People had so much knowledge, that when the Minister doth reprove them, or endeavour to persuade them, they are presently

fewly able to Convince him by Scripture, which is useful for
Lay People.

Doctor Cree Dean of Wells, that Court-Abolishing Preacher, preaching at *White Hall* out of this Text [There was a Sign] said, That it was not the Papist but the *London*, at which words he was struck dumb, and as it were conceived, choaked with a Lie in his throat, and could not speak for a time: The Lord in that, as it were, shewed a sign from Heaven.

Wife, these Pillars are enough to make the Ark-tree crack, we'll drive away, and endeavour to make another load.

The Bishop of *Litchfield and Coventry*, being a most notorious Swearer, one in *Coventry* came to an intelligent man to know whether he might not die the Bishop for swearing: How many Oaths did he swear, said his Belov'd to him? Threescore: In what time was it? replied he, within the compass of three weeks, said his Friend? He answered, It was: Was he ever convicted before a Justice of Peace, said his Friend? He answered, No: Then you cannot.

There came certain Peofoes who were interested for a School at *Nun-Eaton* in *Warwickshire*, where the Bishop was only to have the trial of the Schoolmaster, whereas he were a sufficient Scholar, but he would have the full power to place the Schoolmaster, and so quarrel with them: Said the Bishop to one of them, Hadst thou a hand in placing this man here? I had, said the man: A plague of God on the blurs of thee, said the Bishop; and swore to fast, that one blurs man who was a Peofoe, did desire him that brought him in to lead him out again; For, said he, the Bishop doth swear so fast, I am afraid that the House will fall upon my head. Yet such is his commendation, that if at any time he swear by his Faith and Troth, as commonly he doth, that he will not give a poor man or woman a penny, he will keep his word.

The said Bishop preaching against *Cove-ton* said at *Tamworth*

worth in *Warwickshire*, although as covetous a fellow as the Country affords, said to his Hearers, *Ye are covetous, and will be covetous, and so you will remain*; or words to this effect, concluding with this wish, *The Devil scald you*.

Being also on a certain time requested to preach for one of his fellow-Schollars in *Oxford*, he swore by his faith and troth, he could not spit Sermons. So that we see what is bred in the Bone, will never out of the Flesh.

Wife, did not our Bishop say once in his Sermon, *We are your Spiritual Fathers*? These are some of them.

Doctor *Pearce*, Bishop of *Bath and Wells*, a most notorious Swearer, coming into a Barbers shop in *London*, where there sat one *Makernefs*; who when he saw the Bishop, rose up to give him the place: *Dost thou know me*, said the Bishop? Yea, said *Makernefs*, you are my Lord Bishop of *Bath and Wells*: *What's thy Name*, said the Bishop? He answered, My Name is *Makernefs*: Gods wounds, swore the Bishop, *thou art a Pillar of the Church*. This hath been printed already by another Author.

The same Bishop long since said, He thanked God he had not left one Lecture standing in all his Diocess.

The Mayor of *Wells* not long since walking abroad on the Lords Day, went to the Bishop (part of the Town being in the Bishops Jurisdiction or Liberty) and desired the favour of him that he might have his good will to suppress the disorders that were there committed: *Go your ways for a Jack-anapes with a Pox to you*, said the Bishop, who put that into your head?

Doctor *Fasfeld* of *Berlin*, preached, *That whatsoever the King commanded, the People were bound to obey*, though it were a sin against God. At another time, not long after, he went up into the Pulpit to preach; but could not speak a word, and so came down again: Which was looked upon as the hand of God upon him, for what he had formerly delivered.

Doctor *Reeve* Dean of *Windsor*, being at the three Bibles

in *Pauls Church-yard*, swore by him that made him that he had done what he could about the delivering of such a Petition, and by *Gods wounds* he would do what he could again.

Several persons, and one amongst others who was a Merchant at *Lime*, told me that at *Bridport* alias *Beaufort*, a mile from *Lime*, the Parson was catechising some of the young People, and among the rest a Maid, and asked her this question, *What will be the punishment of Hedge-Breakers and Hedge-Stealers?* (it's conceived his had been broken) To which the Maid answered, *Hell-fire I think: God damn me*, said the Priest, *thou hast more grace than all the Parish besides.*

Doctor *Sherburn*, Prebend of *Hereford*, his man having brought his Horse to a place called *The Cabadge Lane* in *Hereford*, cursed his man because his Horse looked no better, saying, *A plague of God on the heart of thee, how doth my Horse look!*

The said Doctor being sent for by an Alderman of the City, to assist him in the examination of one *Edward Bourn* a Quaker, and another of his Judgement, he convinced the said *Edward Bourn* by two knocking arguments; for when *Edward Bourn* spake to him in the language of Thee and Thou, he gave him two good boxes on the ear, which the poor man was not able to resist. A very learned Confutation.

Doctor *James Buck*, Sometime Parson of *Stradbrook* in the County of *Suffolk*, but before the burning of the City of *Garlick Hill*, and *Gregories* near *Pauls*; and now Preacher at the *Temple*, formerly delivered as followeth:

That the Pope is head of the Church, and Head of the Spirituality, and that there would never be any Conformity in the Church, until a Patriarch should be above a Bishop, a Bishop above a Priest, a Priest above a Deacon, and the Bishop of *Rome* above them all. And that *This is my Body*, in the Sacrament of the Lords Supper, is to be understood in a literal sence; and that there is a Transmutation of the Bread into

into the Body and Blood of Christ, as in *John 2.* the substance of Water is turned into Wine: And that the words, *Do this*, are spoken to the Priest to create the Body and Blood of our Lord; affirming the Priest to have power to create the Body and Blood of Christ; and that it is lawful to invoke Saints and Angels: That Infants dying after Baptism, become Intercessors for their Parents; and that Auricular Confession to a Priest is absolutely necessary once a year, or at least once in a mans life. And that the Church of *Rome* is as honourable a Church as any is in the world: And that he useth as low obeysance at the mentioning of the name of the Virgin *Mary*, as he doth at the name of *Jesus*; and doth not onely bow thrice at his going to the Altar, and thrice at his return from the Table set Altar-wise, but also teacheth that adoration is due when the holy Mysteries are absent: and that it is as lawful to worship the Altar, as for the woman that touched the hem of his Garment to worship Christ, and as it was in the *Revelations* to worship before the Throne: and that he hath denied the Cup to those unto whom he gave the Bread: and hath often preached, That if a Child die being baptised, it is undoubtedly saved; but if it die before it is baptised, undoubtedly damned.

Thomas Johnson of *Nottingham-Thistle* (in the County of *Salop* it is as I take it) affirmed, That the King had done more in pardoning the Rebels, than God either would or could do.

Mr. Moore of *Leak* in the County of *Leicester*, swore in the Chequer on the behalf of a young Gentleman, *Mr. Thomas Smith*, but the business being referr'd to a Trial at *Leicester*, he swore on the behalf of *Mr. Hyland*, the adverse party.

The said *Mr. Moore* being at a Knights house in *Nottingham*, where there was a man that personated a Jesuite, he enquired what Gentleman that was, it was told him he was a Jesuite; the people all with-drew, leaving *Mr. Moore* and this supposed Jesuite together; *Mr. Moore* courteously sa-

lutes him, telling him that he had a great respect for men of his Order; and that there might be a better correspondency between them, were that obstruction of the Law removed.

Wife, part of these before spoken of, we may save the labour to lay them on the Carr, but send them to *Black wall*, and ship them for *Rome*.

And now Wife, we have another sort to carry, and they for their parts, may be sent over into *Germany* to that Bishop of *Mentz* that *Luther* speaks of in the beginning of his *Colloquies*; where he tells us, That at a Diet at *Ausbourg*, which is a Convention of Princes, the Bishop of *Mentz* took up a Bible which lay upon the Table, and having read two or three leaves in it, asked what book it was? One of the Princes told him 'twas the Bible: *The Bible*, said the Bishop! *I can't tell what Book 'tis, but I'm sure here's that which makes against us.* Wife, as wise as this Bishop will our next Load be. And the first man in this Cart shall be

Mr. *Blundal* of *Worcester*, who told some friends of his of some hard questions which the Dean put forth to himself and three other Ministers: What questions were they, said his friend? He ask'd us, said *Blundal*, How we could prove that there was a God? And I can tell you, said he, we were never so put to't in our lives. You should, said his friend, have made use of that Scripture in *Rom. 2. For the invisible things, &c.* That we did man, said *Blundal*, and that would not do neither. What shift did you make then, said his friend? He answered, We were fain to beg longer time of him. But how came you off at last, said his friend? How, said he? Why we met with an old Author, and made his words ours, and so we came off at last; but I can tell you, we had much ado first. O that ever four men should profess to be Ministers of the Gospel, and yet not able to prove that there was a God!

A Maid in the City desired Mr. *Blundal* to make it out to her how he could prove himself a Minister of the Gospel. Said he, Come to me next day when I am in my Prating-Box and I'll tell thee. There

There is, as I was informed at *Worcester*, within eight miles of the City, an old man who never said Sermon in all his life, and hath been blind a great while; but an able man for reading common Prayer, and serves a Curacy, and gets a little Boy to read the Chapters. See what an able Ministry here is!

The Bishop of *Worcester* lately Ordained one Mr. Moore sometime a Lieutenant in the late war, he is a distracted man: And getting up into the Pulpit at *Burford*, he read a Psalm, and then said, *Here's a Psalm I can commend to you; my Grandfather taught it my Father, & my Father taught it his Children, & I would have you teach it your;* with other words to this effect: and then concluded thus, *But the weathers very cold, and I have a pretty good stomach to my Dinner; and therefore I'll come down into the Pew, and read a few Prayers, and then you shall go home, and we'll leave the rest till another time.*

Mr. Piper of *Chomly*, a man in holy Orders, was Ordained by the Bishop of *Worcester*; what his Calling was, I know not, though some say a Fidler, but I cannot affirm the truth of it; he starved at *Chomly*. Some of his old companions getting him into a Cellar in an Alehouse, would there have him exercise his Gifts, where he staid so long, that he could hardly get up the stairs. And having read Evening Prayer on a Sunday, as they call it, he went to refresh his tired spirits at an Alehouse not far off, where he continued sometime; at last, as he himself confesseth, he went to an Holly-Tree, or Holly-Bush, to make water, and certain Frogs appeared, and transcrub'd him through the Holly-Bush, and carried him to a place called *The Green way*, and there set him down; and up with him again, and carried him to a Village called *The Rock*, and set him down in the Church-yard; and up with him again, and brought him and set him down in the High-way in the dirt, and thence his wife came and fetch'd him home. And yet in the judgment of charity, some think he lay drunk under a Hedge or in a Ditch, all the while.

At

At *Marblehead* in *Gloucestershire*, one of the Parishioners came to the Priest, desiring him to speak with a poor woman who had lately buried her Daughter, being her only Child, for which she was exceedingly grieved; and desired him to speak as comfortably as he could to her, and if it were possible by his counsel he might help to support her drooping spirit: at last they met together; and the woman began to relate her grief; and telling in what manner her Daughter lay languishing in her sickness, the Priest said, *Could not you blow wind in her Ase?* Which was all he would say to her.

One Mr. *Giles Thornbury*, a Prebend, coming to visit a Gentlewoman that was sick, she desired him to pray with her, but not common, but conceived Prayers: He answered, That he could pray no other but common Prayer. Can you tell, said the Gentlewoman, who can pray any other prayer? None that I know, said he, in *Worcester*, but *Will. Warwick*.

The Parson of *Shorditch* near *London*, meeting the Curate of *Bishopsgate*, asked him how he did? Who (complaining of the hard service that he was put to the day before, in preaching twice) said he was not very well: Why, quoth *Shorditch*, that's the easiest thing in the world, or words to that effect. But says *Bishopsgate*, Do you then Read Prayers? No, quoth *Shorditch*, I don't Read Prayers: *There's the Devil on's*, quoth *Bishopsgate*, *I Read Prayers too*.

So much for this Cartload of ignorant Sots, which with many of our Bishops and Doctors, those Reverend Fathers, I shall refer to a Book of my Brother *How the Cobler*, for further instruction.

Our next Load shall be Cheaters: And we will begin with two Swop-Souls: One Mr. *Dale* of *Stanlat*, five miles from *Abingdon*, in the County of *Berks*, the other Mr. *Ingram* of *Longworth*, four miles from *Abingdon*, whose Living by estimation was worth 200 l. per annum. This Mr. *Dale* had a Living likewise in *Yorkshire*, worth, as was said 400 l. per ann. These two Parsons met together, and after some acquaintance

caner each with other, to trading they fall about swapping of Livings and Soub: *Dale* will part with his Living in *Yorkshire* of 400 *l. per annum*; for *Ingram* of *Langworth*, though but 200 *l.* because of the conveniency of it, being near *Stanat*; *Ingram* buys a Pig in a Poke, and like a good fellow takes the others word, resigns his Living to *Dale*, and goes down into *Yorkshire* to see his bargain; but when he came there, he found it a poor barren cold Country, and not worth above 80 *l. per annum*. *Ingram* returns again, exclaiming against *Dale*; and the better to be revenged on him, would have the young men make a Play of it, and call it, *The Divine Cheat*.

Mr. William Coulbourn Parson of *Melcomb Regis* in *Dorsetshire*, adjoyning to *Veymouth*, and Parson of *Sudbury* in the County of *Suffolk*, about 150 miles distant from *Melcomb Regis*, going to the Bishop of *Normich* for a License to preach, the Bishop granted him a License, being a man of great parts, and particularly a good Orator, and one in good esteem, and much admired by all true Sons of the Church. In his Journey home from *Normich*, he was guilty of a gross miscarriage, the relation whereof take as followeth:

As he went from *Normich* to *Sudbury*, his occasions led him about twenty miles out of the way, to a Town called *Holt* in the County of *Norfolk*, where going by the Name of *Mr. Williams*, he went to an Apothecaries in the Town, and would have changed some Gold for Silver, only desired that he might deliver the Gold sealed up in a Box; but the Apothecary refused to trade with him upon those terms, telling him, he should have his Silver loose, and so he would have his Gold. Whereupon they parted, and *Mr. Williams* goes to one *Francis Games*, a Melter in the Town, pretending to buy some Stuffs and Silks of him, to the value of fourteen or fifteen pounds; then after they had agreed as to price, he told him that he could not pay him at present, but set a day wherein he would send his man to pay for what he

had.

had bought, and to fetch the Stuffs; and withall he told him he had one request to him, which was that he would let him have 20*l.* in Silver, and he would leave him 20*l.* in Gold as a pawn for it; and that when he sent his man for the Stuffs, he would send money to redeem his Gold: Upon these terms *Games* helped him to 20*l.* But *Mr. Williams* desired that in regard the money was given him by a special friend, for whose sake he was unwilling it should be changed, *Mr. Games* would give way to the sealing of it up in a Box, which *Mr. Games* assented unto, and it was accordingly done; and when the Gold was sealed up in the Box, the Box was set down upon the Table, and as it's conceived, whilst they were taking a Pipe of Tobacco, he slipped that Box into his pocket, and let another upon the Table just like it, sealed up as that was. At parting he desired *Games* that when he sent him the 20*l.* he would send him the Box sealed up as it was. After he was gone out of the Town, the Apothecary came to see *Games*, and after some discourse about *Mr. Williams*, told him it was a Cheat; *Games* told him it could not be a Cheat, for he saw the Gold put into the Box, whereupon the Apothecary snatched the Box out of his hand, and opening it, there was nothing in it but a piece of Lead and Pindust: Upon which, making enquiry which way he was gone, they followed him to *Fakenham*, where he was endeavouring to play the like prank. Understanding him to be there, they went to a Justice of Peace, one *Mr. Clifton*, fetched a Warrant, and brought him before the Justice, and upon examination he confessed that his Name was *William Gaultbourne*. He was tried at the Sessions, and fined four hundred to the King.

He also lent a Butcher 60*l.* and taking Bond for it, professed it was burnt by accident, and desired the Butcher to give him another, telling him withall, that he would lend him 20*l.* more, and take a Bond for 80*l.* which was accordingly done, and the former Bond (not being burnt, he hath two Bonds for one sum of Money.

He

He also perswaded a young man to borrow money, and give a Bond written with white Ink, which in a weeks time would not be seen. With many other things of the like nature, which would take up a sheet of Paper to recite: But because the Cart's already heavy laden, I shall pass them by, and away with this Load to the Pillory.

And now Wife, we must load one among another, Drunkards and Whoremongers.

Mr. *Astton* the Parson of *St. Andrews* in *Hartford*, and Mr. *Manning* a Tanner, meeting together at the Bull in *Bishopsgate-street London*, went and drank together first in the Bull-Cellar, until the Parson was almost blind, and from thence they went to several places, till at length he had got his full dose. He was to have gone home in the Coach, but so loved his company and his good Liquor, that he prevailed with the Coachman to leave him a horse, because he must go home to preach at the Funeral of the Mayor of *Hartford* on the morrow; and so late at night they set forward towards *Hartford*, but being so exceeding drunk he fell off his Horse several times; but at last the poor Beast, as disdaining to carry him farther, ran away home, and left him to shift for himself; but his companion Mr. *Manning*, taking more pity of him, set him upon his own Horse, and led him; but yet he could not fit the Horse, for Mr. *Manning* going a little aside to escape the dirt, not far from the Town end, down falls the Parson again in the dirt, and away runs the Tanners Horse home. His Wife hearing the Horse coming in, called her man to rise and let his Master in, and take care of the Horse; the man rising and going out, found nothing but the Horse: and telling his Mistress that the Horse was come, but not his Master, she cried out and said that her Husband was robbed and killed, and so raised the Town, and many of the Neighbourhood went to go look after him, some with Lanterns, and some with Weapons; but by that time they got to the Town end, they met the Tanner with the Parson upon his back: but being

tired with carrying such a load, he was fain to leave him at a little house at the farther end of the Town, because none else of the Neighbourhood would take any pity, or be at any pains to carry him home. But the Parson thinking to cover all, got up into the Box the next day, but could scarce hold up his head; nor would he go to the Mayors House.

I went through a Village in *Somersetshire*, where there was a Priest, whose Name was *Franklin*, lay drunk in open view; and a merry fellow passing by, held up his hat and sang, *O bone, O bone, Franklin is dead and gone.*

A Parson in *Essex*, and his Curate, sat a drinking all night on the Saturday night, and the next morning the Clerk came to the Curate to Read Prayers; but he being very drunk, and having not slept, took a Ladle in his hand out of the Kitchen, and run into the Church with it; and going into the Reading Pew, cried to the people, *Must you have some Porrage? Come, I'll give you some Porrage.*

Mr. Smith Vicar of *Montacute* in *Somersetshire*, went to *Yeovil* on a Friday, being market-day, and there being drunk, attempted to ride home, and going the upper way towards *Odeomb*, fell off his horse, and lay as dead; but some Country people coming by, thought it had been a man murdered, and durst not come so near as to touch him, till they had gone to the Town, to call more Witnesses; whereupon many people coming in, found it to be *Parson Smith*, and had him down to *Yeovil* again, where he lay at the Ship that night; and the next morning he was yet so unsettled in his head, that he rides to *Stoke Cross*, half a mile beyond *Montacute*, and then at last with much ado got home.

It is notoriously known, That the Grand Jury in *Somersetshire*, presented the whole Clergy of that County, at which Judge *Keeling* was angry, there being no particular instance, whereupon the Foreman of the Grand Jury instanced in the Parson of his own Parish, who coming to his house drunk, affirmed the Pigeons that were then at the fire to be Geese.

The

The present Parson of *Waring* near *Epping* in *Essex*, is notoriously known to be a frequent Drunkard, having the conveniency of an Alehouse in his Churchyard, where he hath spent so much with one *Chapman* a Farmer hard by, that the Farmer, what with neglect of business, loss of time, and expence of money, is broke and undone. Yet he put several of his honest Neighbours into the Bishops Court, and prosecuted them there; where being demanded why they went not to the Communion? They answered they could not receive it at the hands of such a wicked man. Being required then to exhibit Articles, they did, but the man that received them was quickly turned out, and his Successor required them to retain a Proctor to put their Articles in Latin, &c. Whereupon the country-men being fed with nothing but delays and charges, gave it over; and so that Parson drinks still.

One Mr. *Fletcher*, Parson of *Bow* near *London*, being in an Alehouse very drunk, and swearing sufficiently; a Brewer came in there to receive money for Ale: after greeting one another, says Mr. *Fletcher*, *Sir Why do you not come and hear me?* The Brewer promised him he would; *Faith*, says *Fletcher*, *I'll preach you a good Sermon.* The Brewer according to his promise goes, and finds the Parson like an Owl in an Ivy-Bush. A while after, *Fletcher* meets the said Brewer again in an Alehouse, and said to him, *Sir, you promised to come and hear me: Why*, says the Brewer, *so I did, but I could scarce see you, you were so bedeckt with Holly and Ivy.* Aye, says the Parson, *you may see what a blessed Reformation I have brought them to!* The said Parson loves his drink so well, that if any of his Comrades do but come into the Church whilst he is preaching, and cry *Hem*, and hold up their finger to him, he presently turns them off, and goes to them to the Tavern, which is just over against the Church.

Febr. 25. 1667. *Matthew Leeson* a Seaman, going with his Wife from *White Chappel* to *Wapping*, found in *Ratcliff*-

Highway, over-against old *Gravel Lane*, one Mr. Peacock the Priest of the *New Chappel* at *Ratcliff*, tumbled into the Cart-Rut; and after he had gotten him up, he swore by God he was down. But whether the wet within or without made him reel as he went, is left to the Judgement of the Learned Bishops.

The Priest of *Croftbörn*, by name *Whitefoots*, two miles from *Evesham* in *Worcestershire*, was so drunk at *Evesham*, that the Mayor set him in the stocks twice in that condition. Welfare my Countryman for his courage! I shall prefer him before the Mayor of *Bath*; who when there was a base Priest taken in a shameful manner in the company of Whores, where he had spent a night, brought before him, he turn'd him up, for fear of the Bishops displeasure, because forsooth he was a Clergy-man.

Parson *Fly* of *Bromyard* in *Herefordshire*, ten miles from *Worcester*, having two Wives and two Livings, ran away from them all, and (as I heard) left his Neighbours 200 l. to pay for him. And lest he should come into another Country, and change his Name, and so cozen any other woman or man, take this brief description of him, He is a fat corpulent man, pretty tall, his hair inclined to red or yellow, especiall his face, and aged about fifty.

Parson *Fly* of *Hunston* was so drunk at the Kirsning of a Child, that when they gave the Child one name, he kirsned it by another, and presently fell down upon his breech in the place. Yet he agreeth lovingly with his wife, for he will get in one end of the Chimney-corner, and she in another, and drink Alestilly.

The Parson of *Sawford* two miles from *Chipping-Norton* in *Oxfordshire*, was so drunk that he sell off his Horse, and mistaking the Horses Head, got up again with his face toward the Horses Tayl, and so down he fell again.

The Parson of *Edmonton* in the County of *Middlesex*, was so drunk, that when he came to bury a dead Corps, he read that which was appointed to be said at the Churching

of

of a Woman, instead of what was to be read at a Burial. A Butcher being present, told him that he was mistaken, and that he was burying of a dead man. *You Flabberchops*, said the Priest, *I know what I have to do: Call me Flabberchops again*, said the Butcher, *and I'll give you a knock on the pate*: Said the Priest, *Thou art a Flabberchops*: With that the Butcher took him a knock on the pate, and made the blood run about his ears; and so the man was buried with blood.

This Priest was formerly ejected for scandal, and one thing, among others, was this, That sitting in an Alehouse there was a Health began, at which he threw his hat in the fire, and burned it; at the second Health, off went another garment, at the third Health another, until he had left nothing but his shirt.

One thing by the way is very observable, which is, That there is not any man that was formerly vomited out for scandal, were it ever so notorious, in Doctrine or Life, but has been since lick'd up again.

The Priest of *Conford* near the Isle of *Purbeck* in *Dorsetshire*, having been at *Pool* market, was so drunk that he fell into a Ditch, where he lay all night; and having some Bottles of Strong-water in his pocket, after he had slept a little, he fell to work with them, and so kept himself so drunk, that on the morrow about two of the clock, one coming that way called to him, and asked him what he did there? He answered, *That he was very busie in his study*.

A Priest dwelling near the Lord *Panleys* in the County of *Wilt*, being asleep in the Pew or Pulpit, and being awakened by one to begin his Sermon, swore a fearful Oath *That not a man of my Lord Panleys should pay a penny there*.

Mr. Forby sometime of *Hindon* in the County of *Wilt*, coming to a market Town in the same County, and being somewhat elevated, began to scrape acquaintance with a Gentleman: *Do you know me*, said the Gentleman? *I cannot remember you*; but now *I call you to mind*, added the Gentleman,

tleman, I saw you, with two or three more of your Brethren, lie drunk in Sir James Thinn's Pigscot, when the King was there.

Farvis Smith of Brinsop, Mansel, and Wormsly in Herefordshire: *Wormsly* (it's confess'd) is too little to buy Ale; the other two Livings, considering what a good stomach he hath, is little enough; for his Neighbours say he will eat as much as two or three men: And a very merry Preacher he is, for he will tell his Hearers such stories in the Pulpit, as will make himself break out into great laughter. And as he is merry in the Pulpit, so he is as crabbed a Knave when he is out; for there are but few of his Parishioners that are in a capacity to fight, but he hath been together by the ears withall, when he hath met with a little angry Ale. An old man leaning his head against the Pulpit, being hard of hearing, he bid him lean off the Pulpit; but the man being hard of hearing understood him not: Whereupon the Priest gave him a Box on the Ear, and away went the man out of the Kirk. One time preaching a Sermon at a funeral, out of these words, — *All is but vanity*; and using some light expressions therein, whereat some young men fell a laughing; *O you Cakears* (said he) *you have so filled your bellies with brown Bread and Bacon, that the Word cannot enter into you.* A Gentleman who came into the Church a little before, with his Hawk upon his fist, his Spaniels hunting about the seats, and his Horses tied in the Church-yard, laughed at his silly carriage; which when the Priest saw, he said, *Hood up your Kites, and couple up your Curs, and rid off your Jades, for all is but vanity.* At another time, being in the Pulpit, *John*, (said he to his Clark) *go to John Hand's, he hath the best Ale in the Town, and bid him send me a pot of the best Ale he hath;* which was accordingly done, and so having drunk up his Ale in the pulpit, he fell to his preachment again. One of the most sufficient men in his Parish, told me that he met him coming out of an Alehouse in his stockings without his shoes; *What's the matter, Mr. Smith,* said he,

he, that you are without your shoes? The Priest fell a villifying his Neighbours, saying, They kept him so bare of money that he was fain to leave his shoes behind him as a pawn for Ale. Come, said his Friend, go back with me, and I'll redeem your shoes, and so he did.

Mr. Boam of Harding, three miles from Henly upon Thames, in his Sermon said, That the Name of God was not used in the English Tongue until Henry the VIII's time; and then not by any but by the Priests, when the Service was in Latin: But now men can go and run into corners, and commonly in their Meetings use the Name of God, and say O God, and O Lord: at which he held up his hands, and lift up his eyes in admiration, with O Jesu! and further said, That Paul was superfluous in his Epistles, concluding them with The Grace of our Lord Jesus, &c. But Paul (said he) had his infirmities; we must allow Paul his Grain. He hath also said, He did not care to preach to those that were born in the times of Rebellion. And if he sees any of the Boys of Henley come to his Kirk, he will bid them go home again, and look Birds-Nests.

A certain priest with his Cu-Rat near Taunton-Dean in Somersetshire, sat up until twelve a Clock at night drinking and gaming; and on the morrow as he was preaching, and pulling out his Handkerchief to wipe his face, he pulled out a Pack of Cards, which scattered upon his Neighbours heads.

The Parson of Welch Bicknor, and Vicar of Walford in Herefordshire, by name Adams, being led home in the evening from Rast-market, by two of his loving Neighbours, who were his Supporters, and seeing a Glow-worm near or in the bottom of a hedge, and having a pipe of Tobacco fill'd, pull'd it out, kneeled down, and went to light his pipe of Tobacco, saying, Fire I hope, fire I hope.

The Parson of Saverton in Hampshire was so drunk at the Visitation, that in Sermon time he muttered out some words as he sat in the seat; and rising to come out of the seat, fell down in the Alley.

Wife,

Wife, I prethee tell the story about Cousin Kate; I had almost forgot it, till you put me in mind of it the other day.

Wife. Husband, I remember it well, it was when we were at Bristol together; they were very substantial men who told us of it, and assured us of the truth of it:

A Bishops Granchild, who was either a Parson or Vicar, having a Maid Servant, a very civil young woman, and somewhat Fanatick; he and his wife combine how they might defame, or rather undo her: wherefore they begin to speak how ere long their Cousin Kate would come to see how they did; and would often be talking in the Maids hearing of their Cousin Kate: At last Cousin Kate comes, (which was a very smooth young man in a Gentlewomans habit) and very welcome was Cousin Kate; when night drew on, the Maid enquired where Cousin Kate should lie: Lay on a clean pair of sheets on your bed (said her Mistriss) we will make bold with Cousin Kate. To bed they went, and after some word which the Priest should give, or cry hem, Cousin Kate must fall to work with the Maid; which when the Maid found, she leaped out of the bed, cried out upon them for their baseness, packed up, and away she goes. This is the truth of it.

Hush. Wife, your memory is very good, you have it as right as may be.

A Gentleman now living within the Lines of Communication, was led by one of the Prebends of Chichester into a Whore-house, where the Prebend desired the Gentleman to choose what Lass he liked best, and he would pay for it, upon condition he would lie with her in his sight: For (saith the Prebend) I am old, and lame, and past it, but I love to see it still. But his motion was derided by the Gentleman, being a civil person: Who also doth assure the World, that the Prebends of Chichester have debauched many hopeful young men.

Doctor Johnson (for so I think they call him) dwelling near Asby in Leicestershire, meeting two or three of his Neigh-

Neighbours coming from *Asby*, enquired of them whether they had bought *Asby*? One of the men answered, *What we bought, we paid for; but you took the possession of such a mans ditch at such a time, and never paid for it.*

The said Doctor is a frugal man, and going to buy Ale at the best hand, being drunk he fell upon his knees; which a Neighbour seeing, said, *What shall we have prayers now?* But his wife made a shift to pluck him into a Chamber.

Hill, Brogden, and Gilbert, three Priests in *Buckinghamshire*, met within three miles of *Henly* upon *Thames* in an Alehouse, where meeting with a man that had been gathering of Nuts, they asked him for some; the man calls for a Dish to put them in, and pulled them out of his pocket, and they began to take of them: *Hold* (saith one of the Priests) *let us say Grace first: What* (saith the other) *is there any Grace for Nuts?* *Yes* (saith he) *I will say Grace;* and so put off his hat, and holds it over the dish, and lifts up his eyes, and with one of his hands in the mean time takes up a good handful: *Nay hold*, saith the other, *you don't say Grace right;* and so off goes his hat, and he lifts up his hands and eyes, and maketh as if he would say something, and at last layeth down the brims of his hat upon the dish, and turneth the dish of Nuts into his hat, saying, *You said Grace for some, but I say Grace for all.*

These three Priests will undertake to bowl, drink and fight with any three in the Country; and one of them using this imprecation, *Damn me*, and one admiring at him for it, *O* (said one of his Neighbours) *this is nothing to him when he is at home.*

Parson Jones of Cundicor, about two miles from *Scowin Gloucestershire*, went to *Burford* market, where he was so drunk, that he mistook a grey horse for his own, which was of a sorrel colour, and brought him home with him about seven miles, and the Owner of the horse followed him. He is known to be a common Drunkard, yet this is his commendation, that if at any time he be drunk in the Pulpit, if any

of his Neighbours do but hold up a finger and becken to him, he will come down,

A Parson Cook of *Buckly* in *Herefordshire*, hath another Parsonage called *Estnor*, where he hath a Cu-Rat whose name was *Speak*, whose wife the Parson (as she her self saith) attempted to commit uncleanness withal; and said, He would give her five pounds to buy her a Silk Gown; And we will to bed, said he, and have a Cook or a *Speak* immediately.

Mr. *Heyward* of *Shrewsbury* being at a meeting where there was Dancing, he was requested also to dance by a Gentlewoman; off goes his holy Garments, Cirtingle and all, and to dancing he falls: When it was ended, he puts on his Garments again; Now, says he, I am as I was before.

There is one in the same Town to whom they give the title of an Esquire, who as he was eating Brawn and Mustard at a Barbers shop in *Shrewsbury*, protested, That as true as that was Brawn and Mustard, he took *Heyward* between his wives legs.

Judge *Kelling*, at *Taunton* Assizes, fined the Bishop in ten pounds, for sending an Ordinary drunk to the Bar.

The Vicar of *Berlingham* in the County of *Worcester*, swore by him that made him, he would lay 20 pounds that he would prove the Church of *England* to be a true Church. And indeed shewed himself a true Son of the Church: for he was so wanton with one *Scarlet's* wife, pulling and haling her so hard that he broke her apron-strings, and played such horse-play to have her serve his lust, that her Husband sued him, and at the Assizes recovered five pounds of him at a *Nisi Prius*.

The Vicar of *Alciter* in *Warwickshire*, a notorious Drunkard, drank a Health to all Womens ——— I'll tell you no more of it; and his wife coming into the room, he would have taken up her coasts, but she fell down upon her Knees to save herself. This I had from his Neighbours in the same Town of *Alciter*.

A Parson within two miles of *Gloucester*, I am loth to give you his name, because he is a Neighbour; would needs give his Farrier half a dozen of Ale; but before they parted, he with another, were fain to lead him almost home, with his Breeches in a sweet pickle. At another time he pist in the Pulpit, so that it ran down upon one of his Neighbours.

At *Arla* in the County of *Salop*, the Priest had drank so hard, that he pist in the Pulpit; which the Lady *Littleton* perceiving, sent for a Chamber-por, and caused it to be set down by him in the Pulpit.

At *Bath-Easton*, two miles from *Bath*, one that is called by the name of blind *David*, that ran his head against a crab-tree, in his Sermon uttered what my pen with modesty may not relate, *That there was nothing more pleasing to a Woman quam Sperma*——But no more of that.

Mr. *Vanley*, a Priest of *Coventry*, Successor to Doctor *Brian*, having married a young man and his wife, sent to him for five shillings for marrying of him; the man sent him half a Crown, and said, *Go tell thy Master I will pay him the other half Crown when he pays me for brushing his back, when he sat up all night with Mary Abel, at the Red Lion.*

He is a common Drunkard, and the second of *December*, 1665. having been abroad drunk, the Watch took him.

John Ryland of *Spernal* in *Warwickshire* was so drunk at a Village called *Coughton*, at the house of one *John Hopkins*, that the women tending his condition got a man to lead him over a Bridge at *Cantbrook*, and on the other side of the Bridge he fell down dead drunk, where he lay until he recovered himself, many Carts and Waggon in the mean time passing by him.

This *Ryland* was formerly questioned before the Commissioners sitting at *Coventry*; for insufficiency; where they demanded of him what a Sacrament was, but he could not tell; whereupon a Gentleman standing by, desired a fortnights time for him to answer the question. Yet now he will pass for cutrant Coyn.

Mr. Drinkwater of Aberton in Worcesterſhire, having been at Tewksbury in Glouceſterſhire, was ſo drunk that he fell off his horſe twice, in riding half a mile,

Mr. Clarkſon of Bradwell in Oxfordſhire two miles from Burford, ſcored thirty ſhillings in one day (as I am informed, though it be ſomething hard to believe) in an Alehouſe, at a penny a ſtaggon: He uſeth frequently to be drunk, and Damiſm and ſink'm are familiar terms with him.

Coming through the Town of Burton on the W Water, I was informed, That one Coverdale (a Cu-Rat under a Doctor there) was ſo uſually drunk with his Landlords drink, that they were forced to make their Beer ſmaller and ſmaller; and that he piſt his Bed, as commonly aſhe was drunk, inſomuch that his Landlady changed his lodging from a feather-bed to a flock-bed, and was going to turn him out of the flock-bed to a bed of ſtraw, he had ſo roited and ſpoyled them with piſſing. And ſo wanton, he would have kiſſ'd his Landlady, but ſhe would not be kiſſ'd by him; and once ſtriving with her, her mother took a Bucker, and laid him about the back and pare. He uſed to be drunk ſo often, that he complained he was weary of being drunk; which inclines me to believe that he could freely have joyned with that Roman Prieſt who made the following Prayer:

Omnipotent & ſempeterni Bacche, qui humanam ſocietatem maxime in bibendo conſtituiſti; concede propitiis niſtorum capita quae hodierna potione graventur, hodierna ſanetur, per Pocula Potularum. Amen.

In Engliſh thus:

Omnipotent and everlaſting Bacchus; which haſt appointed humane Society chiefly to be ſpent in Drinking; mercifully grant that we, which were burdened with yeſterdays drink, may be kept with this days drink in good health, through all Cups and Cnps. Amen.

His

His Landlord at last gave him warning to provide himself at *Michaelmas*; and the Curate's request thereupon was, *That a Barrel of good Beer might be provided him, against he went away.*

I could tell you something of one *Niedlson* of *Wapley* in *Gloucestershire*, but take this jest for a full explanation of the matter:

One of the *Prebends* of *Gloucester* told me that the *Bishop* had a great favour for me: *What's that*, said I to the *Prebend*? *There is* (said he) *an Apparitors place void in the Deanry of Stone-house, and the Bishop saith you shall have the place if you will; for he saith you are a notable Knave, very fit, and well qualified for the place, and you shall have it before any one.* In conclusion, thanking his Lordship for his good will, I return'd this answer; *Pray tell the Bishop that there is one — Nicolson, his own Name-sake, his near Kinsman, his Brothers Son, Vicar of Wapley within a mile or two of Sodbury in Gloucestershire, who had his Wife with child, and his Maid Servant, and both brought-a-bed in his own House; he is too very a Knave to be a Priest, but he would make a notable Knave to be an Apparitor: He is the Bishop's own flesh and blood.*

And now whilst I am speaking of the *Bishop of Gloucester*, a passage comes to my mind of one of his Neighbours, who hearing one of the *Bishops* Clergy praying for him in his prayer before the Sermon, (which was very usual) as they went from the publick Place ask'd one of the *Priests* Servants why his Master pray'd for the *Bishop* so often? *He had more need* (said he) *pray for the Family, for they are bad enough.* This he spake because the *Bishop* had three *Bastards* born in his house: But the *Bishop* himself might be an honest man for all that. I shall say little to prejudice him in his Reputation, although he hath been my Adversary as much as possibly he could, and so I expect he will be again: For he caused a tender-witted Alderman, Mr. W. to lay Treason to my charge for my Book, after I had given Engagements to

a Justice of the Peace of the City to answer it at the next Assizes; and having got me out of the Liberties of the City, into another County, the Constables also pursuing me out of the Liberties without warrant, and the Captain of the Trained Band, who said he had a note from the Bishop for that purpose; who haled me by violence to prison again, contrary to a course of Justice: When the King, Nobles, and Lord Mayor of London (having been in all their hands) had set me at Liberty. He also caused George Evans his Secretary (surnamed the Bishops Ape) to follow me to Evesham in Worcestershire, 18 miles, to arrest me there; but I escaping his hands, he fell a swearing so fast, that Sam. Carver convicted him for swearing, before the Mayor of the Town, and made him pay ten groats, to the great credit of his Master; whom he also credited in like manner at Dursly, in protesting, That all the Dogs, Pigs, Cats, Rats, Mice, Fleas and Lice in Dursly, were Presbyterians.

A Priest in his Sermon used this expression, *That when the Panaticks were exterminated, the Beasts of the field, and the Fowls, would sing Hallelujahs, and the Stars would come down and dance the Canaries.*

Another Priest being in his Sermon, and seeing the Dogs together by the ears, call'd to his Neighbours, saying, *Make a Ring, Neighbours, I'll lay a wager on the little Dogs side.*

One coming to a publick House to borrow a Lanthorn, the man who kept the house told him that he had never a Lanthorn at home: But now I call to mind, said he, here are three Dark Lanthorns in the house, and brought him where three Priests lay drunk.

One Alegood, lately Priest at Ashton Ingham in Herefordshire, seven miles from Gloucester, gave out words to this effect, That there was not an honest woman to his knowledge in the Town of Ashton, nor in the Parish of Upton. Whereupon one Farmer Giles got him down, and would have gelded him, had not a Gentleman rescu'd him out of his hands.

A Constable dwelling about *Charing-Cross*, or at least at that end of the City, [for I can't exactly tell the place] seeing Light in a house justly suspected for a Bawdy-house, takes two or three of his Neighbours with him, and goes and knocks at the door; the Maid comes to the door in the dark, and asks who is at the door? The Constable having told her who he was, and that he must come in; up she goes again; and staying somewhat long, at last comes down and lets in the Constable, who walking up stairs with his company, found a Gentlewoman in Bed; but turning the clothes down a little way, found that she was in her clothes; and finding a Relique on the Bed, viz. a Ciringle, went into another Room where there were two Priests in bed with their clothes on: and not being able to give any good account of their being there, the Constable told them they must go to the *Round House*; but they begged very earnestly they might not go thither, for then they were quite undone: whereupon the Constable told them that if each man would give a Noble to the Poor, they should be excused; but both of them could make but half a Crown: At last, they both having two pair of Stockings on, each of them pull'd off a pair, and so they were dismiss'd. A Justice of Peace afterwards hearing of it, question'd the Constable, but how he came off I know not.

Thomas Cleaton, now drawing Beer at the Bell in *Aldergate-street*, formerly lived at the Three Cups, where a Parson told him that he had a wife and five children at home, but his present condition was such, that he wanted a wench, and that he would give him ten shillings to help him to one, putting five shillings into his hand; but he scorned his base motion, and onely made him spend three shillings of the money, giving him the other two again.

Mr. Hart, a Parson in *Northamptonshire*, having got a young woman with Child, sends her away to *London*, and writes a Letter to one there to entertain her, for she was his wife: But this Letter must not come from *Mr. Hart*, but
from

from one *Gardner*, who was gone to Sea: Well, the Creature is entertained by the man to whom she was sent, and baying money in her purse, lay there until she was brought a bed. But now *Gardner* is come from Sea, *Hart* makes to *Gardner*, telling him that if he will own such a Letter, there was an hundred pounds for him; *Gardner* accepts on't, puts himself into the Life-Guard, and keeps her company. But one night coming home late, he saw a Cloak and a Ciringle hanging not far from the bed, and finds the Priest in bed with her again: *Gardner* falls a swearing at the Parson, and will cut off his privy Members, and an hundred pounds shall not serve his turn now. The Priest gave him good words, and pretending that he must go to the house of office, he got away.

Mr. Jackson of *Kimham*, two miles from *Burford* in *Oxfordshire*, coming to *Burford* drank so hard, that standing to talk with a Gentleman, he spued upon him; and afterwards went into the Inn, and spued upon the Table as he leaned upon it; and going into the Court to call for his horse, fell down, but the Hostler with much ado got him into the Hostlery, where he lay until he had bespilt himself.

Mr. Rowles, one that lives within four or five miles of *Gloucester*, who carries the Arms of *Cambridge* in his face, *Lucem & Pocula*, Fire and Cups, being in *Gloucester* at a Mercers shop, enquired how he might know *Ralph Wallis*; I have heard much of him, said he, and I would fain see him. As soon as he had spoke the word, I came into the shop: Said the Mercer, This is *Ralph Wallis*: *Mr. Rowles* thereupon desired me not to put him in my next Book among the Deans, Doctors, and Prebends: No, said I, not I Sir, they will be ashamed of your company: But said I, you eat too much Ale: Ale, said he! give me a cup of Sack, that which will bring a man into the same estate that *Adam* was in in Paradise. He is a frequenter of Alehouses; and as some of his Neighbours inform me, he was once foully mistaken, for being drunk, and only letting down his Breeches, he shrit in

in his Drawers. But this was not so bad as his common frequenting of Bawdy-Houses both at *Burford* and *Shipton*, before he came to live in *Gloucestershire*.

At a place called *Largishal* in *Wiltshire*, (as I have been informed from very good hands) the People having sung a Psalm, expected the Priest would begin his Sermon; but staying somewhat long, a Gentleman, one Mr. *Possain*, lent to him to begin his Sermon; but the Messenger found him in the Pew, where he had belhit himself, and was wiping his breech (as was conceived) with his Sermon-Notes; and in that condition would have got up into the Pulpit to have preached, but the people would not let him.

At *Heydon* a Chappel of Ease in the Parish of *Staverton*, four miles from *Gloucester*, the Priest being in the Pulpit did so belhit himself, that it ran down out of his breeches into the Pulpit; and after he came out of the Pulpit, he might have been tracked by it which way he went.

The Priest of *Hemelbury* in *Hertfordshire*, having a Communion (as they call it) on the Lords day, went in the afternoon to a Chappel of Ease called *Eoulson*, to preach; but when he came there, he only went up into the Pulpit and so came down again, saying, The Pulpit stinks, and no more. But his Parishioners do vindicate the credit of the Pulpit, and also affirm that the Priest, having made himself drunk with the Wine that was left at the Sacrament, belhit himself, and slander'd the Pulpit.

We will conclude with Parson *Lawrence* of *Dulmarton*, who will be a Cartload himself; first for Swearing, I may self having heard him swear many Oaths in a very short time, upon a very small occasion. And once sitting at the Table after Dinner, in the presence of his fellow-Ministers, who were his only Companions at that time, he swore so fast that one of them reproved him sharply. And for a Drunkard, match him and hang him; he was so drunk at *Gloucester*, that he was not able to speak a word, but swear; yet was so wise in that condition, that he could point with his hand, and make signs to the Hostler to carry him to bed: Up the Hostler takes him on pick-pack; you may remember, Wife, you cried out, *Throw him on the Dunghil, or lay him in the Gutter*: But being laid on a Bed, I heard him swear *Dam'm* at the Hostler, when he pluck't off his Boots. And there he continued drinking on the morrow, and was all day drunk again. A Farmer told me, that he was once his bed-fellow at *Tisbury*, where the Parson, being drunk, had so belhit himself that his bed-fellow was fain to take his knife and cut off the tail of his shirt, and throw it in the fire; and there, said he, it did fry like *Grease*. A leate in quarto, would be too little to describe his sordid carriage, and usurious grinding of such as borrow Money of him.

Wife, I am afraid this last load has almost turn'd your stomach; and therefore I'll drive it away to *Tom Tard's Pond*, and there leave it.

Wife, I have many more such fellows, and I could name the Chancellor of *Worcester* and *Hereford*, *Timothy Baldwin*; who when one told him he could not receive the Sacrament at his Ministers hand, he was so debauch a fellow; the Chancellor told him, he might receive it from a *Jurk* or an *Infidel*; nay, he might receive it from the hands of the *Devil*, if he would administer it; for

(said he) the Ordinance is the Ordinance still: I could wish Mr. *Wink* were his Chaplain, till the Lord Chancellor returns again: But now I am speaking of Chancellors, Wife, If all our Chancellors were *Barbers*, and all our *Prebendaries*, it would be more for their credit. Wife, I cannot yet tell that *Bishops* name (But I hope I shall give you an account of it shortly) who entered one that was a *Barber* into *Holy Orders*, and being told that he had formerly been Arraigned for Sheep-stealing, he replied, *I had rather be a Sheep-stealer in the Pulpit, than a Presbyterian.*

And now Wife, Let's compare these Porridge-Priests with our Ejected Ministers, and see what a vast difference there is between them: The former guilty of all the afore-mentioned Abominations; the latter, free from all just suspicion of such things, even in the Judgment of their very Enemies. And if that *Kiss* which the Great *Constantine* gave to the hollow of *Papinist*'s Eye, lost for the sake of Christ, be justly reckoned amongst the Trophies of his honour; how illustrious would it render his Majesty, both to the present and succeeding Ages, to give Liberty to those who are as Instruments in the hand of Christ to open eyes of the Blind.

Wife. But Husband, *I hope all these Courtiers have no relation to the best of our honest Conformists.*

Husb. Yes Wife, they're all Brethren, Members of the Mystical Body; these Swearing, Cheating, Ignorant, Drunken, Whoring Priests, are all their Brethren; as much as those that both beslut and piss'd their Breeches, Pews, and Pulpits.

Why Wife, do you think the honest Conformists you speak of, will disown their Arch Spiritual Father *Canterbury*, their Swearing Father *Lichfield* and *Coventry*, or their Papistical Father *Worcester*; and the rest of that Mungrel Crew? They can never be true Sons of the Church, if they disown these Fathers.

Wife. But Husband, *after all your Censures, what do you think of the Body of this Clergy?*

Husb. Why Wife, many of them, of the old Topers, are like the old Boots, and Shoes which we Cobblers do Vamp; they have many of them new Soles, new Preferments, three or four Livings and Prebendaries, but the old Leather is still the same: onely now they drink Sack, whereas Ale before would liquor the Boots very well. A Lady asked one of them some years since, *where they had all been during the time they were turned out of their Livings?* He answered, *We have lain among the Pits*, (abusing the Scripture.) To which the Lady answered, *I thought so, by your Red Noses.* But indeed, Wife, there are but two small Objections against them, two little Faults in our Clergy-men.

Wife. *What are those two Exceptions, Husband?*

Husb. Why they can neither Preach nor Pray: otherwise they are as well qualified, both for Drinking and Swearing, (and some other Vertues, that you and I must not talk aloud of) as any that ever came out of the Popes Belly.

Wife. Pray Husband, *what do you think is the true reason why the People are so generally set against the Bishops?*

Husb. Truly Wife, I'll tell thee: As they all see they do no good, and have no care of their Souls, so their business is to vex and torment the people under them; by

by their Apparitors summoning them to their Courts, that they cannot be quiet in their Callings, nor at their Ploughs. I am informed by such as have heard it from those that know it, That three thousand at one time flood summoned at the Bishop of Lincoln's Court: Wife, this is one great reason of the miserable poverty that is in every County. I tell thee, Wife, if our Gracious King would but take theirs and the old Dignities of Deans and Prebends Lands into his hands, to defray the Publick Charge of the Kingdom, the whole Body of the People would keep a Jubilee for it.

Wife. Husband, let me ask you one question more: What do you find is the reason why the Non-Conformists will not comply with the Bishops?

Hu. b. The reason is plain, because they cannot say the old *Mumpsimus*, the Service-Book; which I have told you before is word by word the old Mass-Book in another Tongue, one Pope making one part of it, and his Successors the rest: Now they can pray better than the Popes can teach them; but as for our Clergy-Sons, if their Books should be burnt, there must be no praying: And secondly, the Non-Conformists can't swallow the Old Whores painted silly Ceremonies, because by the Bishops own Confession they are not *Written*. So that their great sin is, that they can *Pray* and *Preach* without an old shoddy Mass-Book, and would worship as God commands them; which makes the people to be generally for them.

Wife. I hope then, Husband, the King will give them their liberty to Preach, so satisfy his People.

Hu. b. I will tell thee a true story, Wife; for you know I read Histories: In the Kingdom of Persia, about the year 500, the Magician-Priests (such as ours) came to the King, and told him, that there was a voice heard in one of the Temples from under ground, That if he gave liberty to the Christians in his Kingdom, he would certainly be destroyed: Which the King believing, a wise Man went to him, and desired him to go and hear the voice, and then to search under ground if there were not a person there; which the King did, and found a Priest in a hollow place, which spake, and so the cheat was discovered. Just such an Oracle is the Priests counsel now. But —

Wife. Pray Husband stay there, I think you have said enough for a Cobler.

Hu. b. No, Wife, I have something else to say yet; which is, That the Bishops persuade my King Charles the Government of the Church is laid upon his Shoulders; and that they will study the Truth, and he shall maintain it. But seriously Wife, if God the Father had seen that any Magistrate on Earth, or all the Angels in Heaven had been capable of so great a care and trust, he had never laid it upon the shoulders of his own Son: For the Prophet Isaiah tells us, The Government shall be upon His Shoulders; and the Apostle tells us, We have one Lord-giver (and but one) Christ Jesus: So that if Christ Jesus be that one Law-giver, then my King has no Power to make Laws for the Conscience, to bind men to what form of Worship the Bishops please. But what they are not able to make good by Scripture, they would have my King make good by his Laws; and so make him their Sword-Bearer, which is none of his work, and yet I would tell him, if I might have admission to his presence. But Kings and Cobblers are no meer Companions.

Wife. But Husband, I have heard you say, That the Ministers of the Church of England

England over us called according to Magister Churche: Pray how then are they called?

Host. Why Wife, (as the Pear-mongers, when his Pears are green puts them into hot Horle-dung to ripen them in space, so) first the Bishop of the Diocess enters them into holy Orders; which holy horle-dung Orders makes them ripen as fast for the Ministry, as the Pears do for the Market. And this entering them into holy Orders, mak's them first Deacons, and then Priests, and so puts them into a capacity to become Cur-Rates, Vicars, or Parsons, as soon as they can get Livings: Which Livings were (formerly) some at the Popes dispose, which in *Harry the VII*'s time fell to the King, and are generally now at the Lord Chancellors disposal; some were at the Abbots disposal, which were given to the Senior Fellows at *Oxford* and *Cambridge*; some were at the disposal of the Bishop of the Diocess, and so continue still.

Now if my Lord Chancellor hath a Kinsman, or a Friend, for whom he hath a favour, then 'tis his *Jura Divina*. And usually if the present Incumbent lie sick, these are two or three, like Carrion Crows, are ready to seize upon the Care of the Living, attending the death of the sick man: and many times, before the breath is out of his Body, put foot in Stirrup, spur, cut, and away they ride post, as fast as they can; and he that the Lord Chancellor finds the best Scholar, able to decline the Latin word *Bribe*, *Bribe*, *af*, *Bribe*, *bracely*, is well qualified, and is so fasto induced.

If the Bishop of the Diocess hath a Kinsman, or a Contemporary, or a Daughter; then pin the Daughter upon the Parsons sleeve, and let them go together. If you are ignorant in this Trade, go to old *Tomkins* of *Worcester*, he can inform you how to get Livings, a Prebendship, and several good Parsonages, provided always you have money, although as very a Dunce as himself; whose stock of Sermons (though but small) is put off without a form of Prayer: Indeed he tells the People they shall pray for such and such, but never prays himself for any.

If a man be the Senior Fellow of a house, although as very a Dunce as the Vice-Chancellor, (who is Dunce enough, witness his speaking Latine to young Scholars, who say he often breaks *Pythias*'s pate; and witness that Cringing, Bowing, Hodg-podge, Pie-bald Worship, wherein I saw him so buke an Actor when I was last at *Oxford* in the House of *R.F.M.M.O.N*; and witness also the Discourse he had with a *Tanner*, whose Parts he not being able to deal with, confess he admir'd that such Parts should be found in a man of his quality: And as the *Tanner* rann'd him, so I could as willingly cobble him, for his Worship that I saw in *Oxford*: But his Worship is as good as the Bishop of *Oxford*, Dr. *Blansford*'s Divinity, who told *William Gregory*, when he demanded of him why he kept him Prisoner so long, *That he punished his Body to do his Soul good*. I would knock my Aules in a post, and burn my Last, if I left him not as mute as the Quaker-Woman at *Winny*. But to return from this Digression; if a very Dunce be Senior Fellow of a house, the first Living that falls is his, *Jura Divina*, as they account it. As is evident in *Cox*, late of *Slimbridge*, a Living worth 250 l. per annum, who being Senior Fellow of *Maudlin* in *Oxford*, and so having that Living fallen into his hands, was fain to hire a Rat, because he did not love the Trade of Preaching, 'twas so tedious to him: And Dr. *Diggle* his Successor, is as able for the work as *Cox* was; who tells the people before Sermon, *Ye ought to pray for this and that, but cannot pray himself*.

If the Lord of Manner have two Sons, he may make one of them a Priest, and a Parsonage will be a good Portion for a younger Brother. Or if he hath a Chamber-Maid who hath been his Servant divers years, the Priest must take her, and he shall have the Living for her Portion. A Parson may buy the new Profession of the Patron; and if he have no Son that is capable of the place, yet he may have a Daughter, and though she be a Tapster, or a Sempler, yet she has right to make what Priest she pleases Parson of that Parish.

If a Papist be a Patron, he may present what Priest he pleases; So did the old Earl of Worcester, who procured Holy Orders for the Clerk of his Iron-works; and sent him to Woolaston in Gloucestershire; where the Earl lit the Parsonage in two pieces; making his Clerk contented with forty, and keeping fourscore for himself. But 'tis conceived the Priest was of his Patrons Religion, and only read our English Mass-Book, but never attempted to say Sermon in all his Life. The present Bishop of Gloucester's last Predecessor (Dr. Goodman) a confest Papist, bestowed a Stock of Holy Orders upon his old Servant Charles Harcott, who married the Clerk of the Iron-work's Daughter, and drives a Service-Book Trade to this day.

The old Lord Windsor being *Patrimus* to the late Dr. Warrington, at his Kirsning gave him the Parsonage at Hampton in Gloucestershire: So that the Doctor had a Call e *Cunabulis*, from his Cradle, And such are the Calls to the Ministry of the Church of England; which are *Romano more*, after the manner of the Church of Rome.

Wife. But Husband, how are Ministers called according to Magna Charta?

Husb. Wife, The least Officer in the Church was not to be made choice of without Prayer; though it were but a Deacon, which was to look after the Poor. When Judas fell by Transgression, the Church went to Prayer, and cast Lots, and the Lot fell on *Matthias*: And so when they had fasted and prayed, they laid hands on St. Paul and Barnabas, and sent them forth: And though Paul had an extraordinary Call, he went not forth till the Church sent him away with Fasting and Prayer. But Wife I can give you a Book whose business it is to treat of the Discipline of the Churches of the New Testament, which will save me a great Labour.

Wife. But Husband that Government wont consist with these times?

Husb. Wife, Must the will of Christ submit to the times, or the times submit to the will of Christ? I think I have *frisch'd* you there, Wife: And is not this the ground of all our present Differences? For the Eyes of the Nation being so much opened by the preaching of the Gospel these late years, the Worship and Clergy of the Church of England are rendred contemptible in the Eyes of the Common People: As may appear by One who coming into the Cathedral of Gloucester, with two of his Companions; and hearing the Organs play, fell a Dancing, saying, *Come, let's Dance, here's Good Musick*: And when the Organs stood still, *Play on Good Fellows*, said he, *I like your Musick well, 'tis good Musick*. And they have oftentimes been prodigiously disturbed in their Worship, by Hens, Magpies, Owles, Cocks, Foxes, Pigs, Rats, and Birds: concerning each of which, take a relation as followeth.

I was told in the County of Somerset, that a Hen coming into the publick Place,

Place, flew upon the *Common-Prayer Book* in the time of their Devis'd Wor-
ship.

At *Wilby* in *Northamptonshire*, a Hen flew into the Publick Place, and sat
down chattering upon the *Common-Prayer Book*, And shut upon it, and flew away
again : And the next Lords Day doing the like again, she bore off her life.

At *Norwich* the Dean being preaching, and among many other things utter-
ing these words, *That some men made Prayers of an Ell-long, which were of no Di-
vine Institution* ; An Owl flew over his head, and hem'd him up with a note of
Admiration ; crying, *Hoo ! hoo ! hoo !*

The Dean of *Hereford* being in his Sermon, and having hang'd up his Cano-
nical Cap upon a Pin in the Pulpit, a Magpie flew into the Pulpit, and never
gave over Flinging and Whisking, till he had thrown it down, and afterwards
came and sat down by him, and he civilly put him away with his hand.

Another Magpie came into the Publick place, with red Stockins on, and a
red Collar about his Neck, and sat down by the Priest ; who was also in his red
Hood, reading Devis'd Service.

Richard Stevens of *Nurem*, having been at a Cock-fighting at *Gloucester*, and go-
ing into the Cathedral with the Cocks in a Bag upon his arm, the Singing-men
(being at their Worship) invited him into the Chöre ; and when the Chor-
isters began to sing, his Cocks began to Crow : But which Service was most
acceptable, the Cocks or the Coxcombs, I leave to better Judgments to deter-
mine.

I was told by an honest Quaker, That one Parson *Barnfield* near *Tarmouth*,
going to Dine with a Friend of his in the next Village, stole a Cock by the way,
and put it in his Breeches ; and that the Cock fell a crowing in the Parson's
Breeches, as he sat at Dinner with his Friend.

At *Norwich*, a Fox came into the Publick Place in the time of their Worship,
probably to find some Prey there ; but seeing they were only Wolves in Sheeps
cloathing, he departed ; and the like he did at *Gloucester*.

Wife, You know what Goodwife *Edwards* told you about her Sow, That ha-
ving been admonished to keep her Sow at home, she could not for her life when
the Bell toll'd, but away would the Sow run to their Worship.

Mr. *Marley*, Preaching at *Norwich* upon this Text, *Be'old an Israelite in-
deed, in whom there is no guile* ; and saying the Conformists were the true *Isra-
elites*, at that word, a Sow came into Publick Place ; and standing before the
Pulpit, grunted out *Woogh ! woogh ! woogh !* whereupon the Parson repeated
his Sentence again, and the Sow replied in the like manner ; for which he is by
the Inhabitants thereabouts, Surnam'd *Hog-Marley*.

Two Pigs coming into the Cathedral of *Norwich* near the *Eagle*, in the time
of Warship, they endeavour'd to drive them away, but the Pigs would not go ;
and so they were forced to carry them out. And their Owner being warned to
keep them at home, shut them into a Yard ; but the Pigs, leaping over the Pales
(which were as high as a Dog could ordinarily leap over) ran to the Cathed-
ral the second time in the time of Warship ; and were again fain to be carried
out. And the Owner of the Pigs being again warned and threatned, was
fain to kill them, not knowing how to keep them at home. *These were the first*
that

that our Safford Abbeydam for coming to last Common-Prayer.

I think, Wife, 'tis needless to mention the Rats that eat the Leather off of the Organs at Gloucester, and made the Common-Prayer go down without Musick for almost a quarter of a year together, because the Church was so indulgent towards them, that they were never Excommunicated.

Wife, I am sure you know Dr. Horwood our Neighbour; Mr. Jones, formerly of *Bosſon-grog in Wiltshire*, told me the following story of him: That about the beginning of the late Troubles, Dr. Horwood being preaching at Maries in Oxford, and in his Sermon blaming the Rusticity of those that were against the Bishops, and magnifying the then Government of the Church, a Bird sat upon the Canopy of the Pulpit, and shit in his mouth; or rather (said Mr. Jones) upon the corner of his Chit, which ran down into his Mouth: I and Doddesige (said he) sat under the Pulpit, and saw him take his Handkerchief and wipe it out of his mouth. Which proved very Ominous, for suddenly after the Bishops had a fall.

Now if (as *Tertullian* tells us) not a hair from a Saints head, nor a bristle from a Sows back, falls to the ground, without the will and pleasure of God: Surely then these things afore-mentioned ought not to pass unmind'd by us.

But Wife, I formerly made you a Promise to shew you wherein a Cobler was more honourable than a Lord Bishop, and I think I had best perform it now.

A Cobler is *ab antiquo*, ever since Shoes were made of Leather, and he is a Gentleman of the Gentle Craft.

The Lord Bishop is but from *William the Conqueror*; and their honour was *dammatus antequam natus*, condemn'd before 'twas born, as they profess themselves Ministers. And a Magistrate professing himself to be Christs Substitute, cannot confer true honour, where his Master has prohibited it. His honour must be *a natura, ex merito, or ab officio*. From nature it cannot be, for so every man is as good as he; and as for their desert, were it not for the Kings favour, the Multitude would do by them, as the Prentices did by the Whores in *Moor-fields*, and set them up against the Walls for Dogs to p— at. Nor can their honour arise from their Office, as Prelates, which is to persecute; for so they are Whelps of old Lilly, that Bitch-Whore, and some of the first Litter; the Devil was their Sire, and they are as like him as ever they can look, they have Dad's own Nose; from him they learn to persecute, like *Nimrod*.

The Cobler lives by his honest labour, and seeks not to be burdensome to his Brethren; and part of his Livelihood is by paring of old Shoes.

The Lord Bishop is much like that Hog, that, when some Children were eating Milk out of a Dish that stood upon a Stool, thrust his Snout into the Dish, and drank up all; not regarding the Children, who cry'd, *Take a Peon, Pig, take a Peon*: So these hungry Hogs, though they have hundreds, nay thousands *per annum*, must have *Procurations, Synodals*, and *Pentecostals* from their poor Brethren. Procurations to bear their Charges when they ride a Vexation, which was decreed by *Pope Boniface* and other Popes. Synodals had their rise from the Offerings which were brought at the Dedication of Churches. The *Pentecostals* are *Pentecost-Farthings*, arising from the Oblations which were brought by the Parents of such Children as were baptized; which was that only at *Whitsunday*; as that great Antiquary Mr. *John Stewarts* in his Book de *Procurationibus*

theirs

Hub. All which are as little as (to us the Country People) the parings of the Devils Nose-Hair.

The Cocker is always mending, and making better.

The Lord Bishop is always marring, and making worse.

The Cocker endeavours to let men upright.

The Lord Bishop turns them aside to Superfluous Vanities.

The Cocker hath more Love and Honour in his Country, than the Lord Bishop.

When Ralph the Cocker comes to our Town, pray send him to our house, says the Countryman :

But when the Lord Bishop goes a Vexation, they never say Pray send him to our Town.

The Cocker will be in Request while Men are born with Feet.

The Lord Bishop, with the whole Litter of *Romish Whelps*, are already quite out of request with the generality of the *NATION*.

And for true Spiritual Wisdom and Learning : I may send the best of them to my Brother.

How the Cocker, Vpon whose Book, Intituled *The Sufficiency of the Spirits Teaching*, One long since wrote the following Verses :

What How! How were! Hath How such Learning found,

To throw Arts Curious Image to the Ground!

Oxford and Cambridge may their Glory now

Vail to a Cocker, if they knew how How:

Though big with Art, they cannot over-top

The Spirits Teaching in a Cocker's Shop.

Render, if thou a humane Artist be,

Let Humane Learning be no Judge for thee:

But leave thy Arts, and try this Cocker's End.

And see if it be by the Spirit pen'd.

Meane time adieu, ye Arts and Artists all,

The Spirits Teaching may attend the Aull:

And thou brave Cocker, Blow another Blasp.

Vpon their Learning, though thou Blow thy Last.

Hub. And now Wife, I have made this Piece ready for the Press, I must get you to go to Madam Bennet's, and get a Lady or two of hers to go with you to my Lord of Canterbury's to get it Licensed.

Wife. Pray Husband don't ask me to do such a thing: I'll bear a better Report of my Lady Bennet, and my Lord of Canterbury too, before I'll go near either of them. License it your self if you will.

Hub. Why then, Wife, since you are so coy of your Credit, I'll e'en do it my self, and save you a labour.

Perlegi hunc Tractatum cui titulum, Room for the Cocker of Gloucester and his Wife: In quo nihil reperis veritati, et multa contrarium.

Imprimatur.

Ralph Wallis.

